

# Shenandoah



# Herald

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## AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY V. STUART MORBY.

It was after the din of the battle had ceased in the silence and gloom. When hushed was the snuffery's rattle. And quiet the cannon's deep boom. The smoke of the conflict had lifted. And drifted away from the sun. While the soft crimson light, slowly fading from sight, Flashed back from each motionless gun. The tremendous notes of a bugle Rang out on the clear autumn air. And the echoes came back from the mountains. Paint whispere like breathing of prayer: The arrows of sunlight that slanted Through the trees that touched a brow white as snow. On the bloody soil lying dim the dead and dying. And it flashed in the last parting glow. The dark, crimson tide slowly ebbing. Stained red the light jacket gray by his side. But another in blue sash knelt by his side. And watched the life passing away. Said the soldier in gray: "I've a brother—Joe Turner; he lives up in Maine; Give him these, and say my last message. Was forgiveness. Here a low moan of pain. Checked his voice, then: "You'll do me this favor. For you shot me," and his whisper sank low. Said the soldier in blue: "Brother Charles. There's no need in your brother—I'm Joe."

## EAST INDIA MONSTERS.

A COBRA AND A TIGER—A FEARFUL CONFLICT.

While the number of persons in India who lost their lives by serpents and wild animals, as returned each year by official record, is so great as to amaze us, I am satisfied that not more than two-thirds of the actual number are returned. I passed five years in that country, most of the time in the interior among the natives, and I know how impossible it is for officials to collect anything like trustworthy statistics under this head. The head men of villages are supposed to report to certain officials, but they do so only under pressure. Where a report would give a district a bad name, it is altered and amended, and no doubt, the government connives at this. The amount of money paid out as bounty each year to the slayers of serpents and wild animals is enormous, and is increasing yearly, proving that all attempts to even lessen the general evil have resulted in failure. The tiger, hyena, tiger wolf and other dangerous beasts have been driven back as towns and cities have been built up, but they have not been exterminated, nor have their numbers been greatly lessened. In 1883 a tiger killed a man within three miles of the railroad depot at Hyderabad. In that same year a tiger carried off and devoured an English girl from the suburbs of Bangalore. Deadly serpents are a terror to-day in the outskirts of Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, and other seaports. Under the tropical heat of India animal and insect life is called into being so rapidly and nature furnishes such bountiful nourishment that it will ever be a country of danger. I have had a tiger snuff at me as I lay wrapped in my blankets in a jungle camp a hundred miles from town, and I have entered a bedroom in a house at Calcutta to find that a cobra held possession. From the Bengal line on the north, to the city of Hyderabad on the south, and from Sonpor on the east to the sea coast on the west, has a great territory without a railroad crossing it. Several large rivers cut through it, and there are various military roads, but Nagpor is the only town of any importance. This area of country is hill, valley, plain and jungle, and a great army might march through it and across it and back again, and not frighten its perils away. It was from Nagpor that I went out on a commission for an animal house at Amsterdam—one of the most singular orders ever got. It was for a den of poisonous snakes for an American circus, and it was expressly stipulated that no serpent whose bite was not known to be fatal should be accepted. Having constructed the proper cages and collected a party of natives with experience, we started off and made a two days' journey to the south. This brought us into the hills and jungles, with animal life as plentiful and as savage as before English set foot in India. We made our headquarters at a village called Booghat, and were assured that we would have no trouble in loading a ship with poisonous reptiles, to say nothing of wild animals. The head man informed me that thirty-three of the villagers had lost their lives within twelve months of snake bites, and that no record had been sent to Nagpor, as required by law. "It would give us a bad name, and do nobody any good," he explained. "But they want to publish the figures in England and elsewhere," I protested. "What nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Who will care to read such a record?"

There were, he assured me, in the jungles about the village, at least a dozen species of poisonous serpents, and that the loss of life in the village from this cause averaged five persons a month. In one year his people had killed and received bounty on eight thousand serpents, but the number had in nowise diminished. He gave us many hints of caution, but we had been in the country long enough to know that the only precaution a man could take was eternal vigilance. On the first night of our arrival a large snake was killed while crawling within twenty feet of a group at a camp fire. There were but two of us white hunters, and they gave each of us a but to himself. Before we turned in for the night the place was thoroughly searched, the bedding beaten with sticks, and small fires were built outside. Soon after breakfast next morning a boy came running in with the news that a large snake had been seen to enter a deserted hut about forty rods away. We at once set off with our outfit, which consisted mostly of nets, and when it was found the hut had only a single opening—the doorway—so we soon had a net drawn across it. Then some of the men and boys began pounding on the hut and making a great row, and directly the snake made a rush. He was caught as a fish entrap himself in a pond net, but he did not submit until after a terrible struggle. The natives called him an *indur*, but in appearance he greatly resembled the American blacksnake. He was nine feet long, ringed with orange, and was possessed of great strength and a terrible temper. After he had tried himself out we landed him in a cage, and to prove to us that he was poisonous a piece of fresh meat was held out to him on the end of a stick. In fifteen minutes after he had struck it the meat turned green and in half an hour it smelled so horribly that we had to throw it away.

We did not get through with this first capture until about noon, and directly after dinner a woman came to tell us that a samur was basking in the sun on a flat rock. This serpent was as much dreaded as the African malabar, being ready to attack human beings on sight, and having a strength and temper which render him a dangerous antagonist. We must find him asleep and must steal upon him unawares or some of us would forfeit our lives. A scout was sent out who came back to report that the snakeship was lying in his coil in a convenient spot for our operations and we moved upon him. As an offset for his dangerous characteristics nature makes the samur hard of hearing and a heavy sleeper. Using the utmost caution, our head native approached with a cast net, and by a successful throw made the dangerous fellow a prisoner. It took us three hours of hard work to get him into the cage, and he did not quiet down until he had thrashed himself.

It was not much of a feat to secure the serpents we wanted, and in the course of a fortnight we were ready to pull stakes. Then occurred an incident which almost made an old man of me in an hour. The hut I occupied had been used as a storehouse. On each side of the single doorway was a stout fence made of poles running out about twenty-five feet, thus making a lane about three feet wide. When the house was filled with grain a sentinel watched at the mouth of the lane. Only one person could go or come at a time, and each was under supervision. They had slung a hammock for me so that I faced the door and looked down this lane when lying on my right side. Each night a fire was built just at the mouth of the lane, and there were so many other fires scattered about that we felt safe from tigers or serpents. On this night I turned in at about 10 o'clock. Half an hour later it began to rain heavily, and in a few minutes all the fires were out. The rain continued until after midnight and then it cleared up and the moon rose. I had slept for an hour, and awoke just as the light of the moon came over the jungle. It shone full up the lane, and the first thing my eyes rested on was a large cobra making its way toward me. We had seen none of them in our two weeks' stay, but I knew the species the instant I caught his motion. My two guns were in the hut. To spring out of the hammock and seize one of them was the work of ten seconds. That was my programme, but as I made the first movement I found myself fast. I had not removed my trousers, and the buckle had worked itself down among the fibres and become fast.

I had only time for one effort. To get clear I must dump myself out on my knees, and the serpent was too near for that. The cobra might flee in fright, but he was more likely to spring upon me. And suppose there was a pair of them, and the other had already entered the hut! In ten seconds after this thought came to me I was in a cold sweat, and so weak that I could not have stood on my feet. The slight movement I made scared the cobra, and he coiled himself and waited full two minutes before coming on again. I ought to move and also use my voice, but for the life of me I could neither raise a finger nor utter a sound. You may smile at the idea of a man being so utterly helpless. I had faced every sort of wild animal, and I had taken some risks to make men's hearts stand still, but this was a cobra—the most dreaded of all the serpent race in India. Let his fangs but touch my flesh and I was a dead man. I had seen my victims by the dozen, and I knew something of the agonies they suffered before death came as a merciful relief. The serpent might have been ten minutes crawling the fifteen feet which brought him into the hut. As soon as he was over the threshold he was in the darkness, and I could no longer see him. I heard him crawling about over the dried grass on the floor, however, and knew that it was only a question of minutes when he would seek a closer acquaintance with me. He might not strike me at once. The cobra never attacks unless cornered. It never strikes a sleeper. My hammock was slung about three feet from the ground. After a few minutes I heard the snake crawling toward me, and I prepared for the worst. When I turned in it was very close and oppressive. I had, therefore, thrown the blankets out of the hammock. The cold rain had chilled the snake, and he was looking for warmth. The blankets were on the ground, and this fact prevented him from coming into the hammock. I could not see him, but I could hear and scent him as he twisted about and finally curled down. When he had become quiet I felt that I had a chance for my life. I would wait until he was asleep, and then make a sudden spring and a rush. If I awaited until daylight aroused the natives, the cobra would certainly bite me. I was cooler now, and I waited from twenty to twenty-five minutes before moving. I was just planning to dump myself out of the hammock, when the moonlight revealed a new and unexpected danger. Standing at the mouth of the lane, and looking straight upon me, was a tiger. That he had entered the village in search of prey I knew by his demeanor. That he was an old tiger and a man eater one could see by his lordly air. Instead of coming in from the jungle, he had come across the open and cultivated land, and my hut was first in his path. I did not believe he would enter the hut. The lane would look like a trap to him, and he would fight shy. After looking at me for perhaps two minutes, the tiger moved out of sight, and presently I heard him stealing around the hut to look for an opening. There was no other, and he returned and surveyed me again. While my eyes were wide open, I did not move a finger, and the animal, no doubt, believed me asleep. He probably saw the blankets on the ground, but did not think he suspected the presence of the serpent.

When the tiger finally entered the opening and began to approach me I gave myself up for lost. With this feeling came that of coolness, and I was never more clear-headed in my life. For a moment I forgot the snake, but presently, as the tiger was within ten feet of the doorway, I heard the serpent utter a low hiss and move about. The tiger had eyes and ears only for me. He skulked over the ground exactly as you have seen a cat, making no more noise than a mouse. When he reached the doorway and stood with his fore paws on the threshold my heart stopped beating. His next move would be a spring, and he would find me helpless. There was an interval of perhaps thirty seconds. My sight went away from me. I was half dead with terror. I faintly remember hearing a hiss and a snarl, and all at once I rose. It was to see the cobra and the tiger rolling over and over in the lane, and raising such a row that the whole village was aroused in a moment. I saw all the light, but remember very little. Serpent and tiger rolled away down the lane and then back again, the one hissing like a steam engine and the other roaring and growling. In ten minutes it was over, and both were dead, and then I fainted away, and was unconscious. The cobra had bitten the tiger in more than fifty places and the tiger had used his teeth and claws to tear his enemy.

## MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Bowser came home the other afternoon just in time to meet the cook going away with her bundle, and he rushed into the house to inquire: "I suppose you've gone and done it again?" "What?" "Anous and maltreated the girl until her sense of justice has compelled her to leave." "I hadn't anything to do with her leaving." "Then who had? She looked heart-broken as I passed her just now." "Did she? Poor thing! She got a letter this morning from her aunt in Canada, telling her that she had been left \$5000 in cash, and advising her to come home and marry a man who owns three farms. She must feel sorrowful!" "Humph! And you didn't put too much work on her?" "No." "Nor make her feel her position?" "No. Her position was in the parlor hall the time." "Well, it seems very queer to me that so many of our girls leave—Everything will be upset now for a week, I suppose." "Oh, no. You can cook, you know, and you are such a sympathetic soul that you ought to be willing to go into the kitchen for a day or two. I shall depend on you, Mr. Bowser."

"Oh, you will! Not satisfied with driving a dozen poor souls to distraction, you want a rub at me? I wouldn't have your spirit for all the money in the world!"

He went away with that, but he was home an hour earlier than usual, and when I inquired the cause he said: "What for? Why, the child and I have got to have something to eat, haven't we, and whose to cook it if I don't take hold?"

"I can cook." "Mrs. Bowser, I've long felt it my duty to give you a few lessons in the culinary art. I have held off, thinking your pride would force you to take hold, but the limit has been reached. The time has come when I must sacrifice my business to enter my kitchen and prevent my child from feeling the pangs of hunger."

"Please don't." "But I will! I'm driven to it. I've got a wife who can't cook the northwest end of a last year's turnip, and who can't keep a cook over a week at a time. I've put up with it too long—much too long. Mrs. Bowser, I must sacrifice my dignity to preserve the life of my child."

"Shan't I help you get supper?" "Not a help. You'd only be in the way. Just sit down in the rocker, Mrs. Bowser; put your feet on the lounge, get a cud of gum in your mouth, and sit and chew and think what mean things you are going to say to the next girl to drive her away. When supper is ready I will call your lawyer."

He disappeared with that. When he reached the kitchen he took off his cuffs and coat, pushed up his sleeves, and kindled a fire. His confidence began to desert him at this point, and he seemed to be studying deeply as he filled the tea-kettle even full and set it to boil. I had some fresh beefsteak in the ice box and he got it out, scratched his head in a thoughtful way, and laid it on the kitchen table. Then he went down cellar after the hatchet, wiped the head of it on his right leg, and pounded away until a good share of the steak had gone into the board.

Mr. Bowser's next move was to hunt behind the pantry door for a spider which he had never used. He carried it to the kitchen towel, gave it a wipe and then placed it on the stove. He had heard that grease was necessary, and he put in some butter, dropped in his steak and soon had it sizzling. Then he started in for the biscuit. He got to the dishpan, filled it almost full, and then reflected for a moment. I took advantage of the occasion to open the door and remark: "Mr. Bowser, you needn't figure on an elaborate supper, under the circumstances. Just make us a cup of tea and we'll get along."

"Mrs. Bowser, you ought to know by this time that there is no half-way work with me," he replied with great frigidity. "You can afford to neglect the comfort of this family, but I cannot. Please return to your gun and your novel."

Then he went ahead just as any other husband would. He had heard about soda and shortening in biscuit, and he mixed the flour with cold water, put in pepper and salt, slashed off half a pound of butter and stirred it in and then remembered the baking powder. There was nearly a quarter of a pound in the box, and the whole of it went in.

How Mr. Bowser managed to get a grease spot between his shoulder blades, flour on his hair and a king powder in his hind pocket I do not know, but it was probably while he was rolling that mass of

## THE TWO APPRENTICES.

Two boys were in a carpenter shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman, the other didn't care. One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home, reading. The other liked fun best. He went off with other boys to have fun. "Come," he often said to his shopmate, "leave your books; go with us. What is the use of this reading?" "If I waste the golden moments I shall lose what I can never make up," was the reply.

While the two boys were still apprentices an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a State-house, to be built in the United States. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After a careful study he drew the plans, and sent them to the committee. I suppose he did not really expect to win a prize; but there is nothing like trying.

It was not long before a committee of gentlemen arrived at the carpenter shop and asked if an architect by the name of—mentioning the boy's name—lived there. "No," said the carpenter, "no architect; I have an apprentice by that name."

"Let us see him," said the committee. The young man was called, and, sure enough, his plan had been accepted, and the two thousand dollars were his.

The committee then said he must put up the building; and the employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go.

This studious carpenter's boy became one of the best architects of our country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the esteem of everybody; while his fellow apprentice can scarcely earn by his daily labor, bread for himself and family.

Who loses a moment of improvement loses the best beginning which a boy can make in it.

They were talking about the Atlantic cable. "It reminds me of a good egg," he said. "A good egg?" "Why, yes; when you're successful." —Oscar.

## ANARCHY IS NOT DEAD.

UPRISING ON THE ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE.

The Chicago Times says: Anarchy is not dead or only sleeping. On the contrary, it is more thoroughly organized than ever at the time of the Haymarket riot, and its membership is larger than it has ever been. The demonstration of last Sunday at Waldheim was not a gathering of a few sympathizers of the friends of the dead anarchists. It was the organized outpouring of the Internationals, who have thus arranged to come out and concentrate at any point agreed upon. Inspector Bonfield, who is known to have kept detectives watching every movement of the anarchists the past few weeks, when asked yesterday if there were many anarchists at the celebration replied: "Yes, there were. Most of them were anarchists."

"Then you think they are still organized and have a large membership?" "I have had men out looking up their meetings, and we know where they are and have the name and address of the leaders and most radical anarchists, so we can reach them in case of trouble. They meet in smaller numbers than before, but there are more of them and they conduct their meetings differently. There is not so much preparation at meetings for fighting and drilling with arms and explosives, but what is far more dangerous, they are thoroughly organized just within the pale of law, and all we can do is to keep our eyes on them. The worst thing about it is they have several schools here for teaching anarchy, which they call 'Anarchy Sunday schools.' In these they teach the children to hate law and the officers of the law, and teach them the worst principles of anarchy. Why, the wife of a trusted employee of the county board is the organizer and teacher in one of these schools, and there are no less than 5,000 able-bodied anarchists in Chicago today ready and organized, waiting for the appointed time. Trouble must come sooner or later. They have set a day for it at headquarters, but in the meantime they will avail themselves of every opportunity to carry out their object of destruction to all organized law and order institutions. They sent out circulars before the election asking legislative candidates for an expression of their opinion on the State conspiracy law enacted at the last session of the Legislature. Many of the candidates replied that they were in favor of a modification of that law, and some of these candidates were elected too. So you see they are becoming wiser, and consequently more dangerous, because the most radical of them are afraid to experiment together with explosives as long as the law is as it is."

"You say they have a day set for an uprising and mentioned headquarters. Have you any information of the Internationals?" "Yes, much more than I can give you. But you may say that we have positive evidence of their organization, officers, plans, committees, etc. The central point is in London, with Paris as the next, then Brussels, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco. All the principal countries have vice-presidents, the United States having two, Chicago one and New York the other. In the strength of their numbers they rank France first, Germany second, the British Isles third, etc., with the United States and Mexico last. In America the central headquarters is in New York. So far they have agreed on the one hundredth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille as the day for a concerted uprising. I do not think the people can take it any too much in earnest. They may have to change it, but they will certainly make the effort. It must come. That is inevitable."

**Terrible Career of a Mad Dog.** A dispatch from Indianapolis, Ind., says: "A dog owned by Patrick Walsh went mad yesterday and attacked Miss Cora Walsh, an 18-year-old daughter of the owner, biting her on both arms. In attempting to rescue his daughter Mr. Walsh was badly bitten on the hand. The dog then started on a mad night through the city, with several policemen in pursuit. He bit fully fifty animals, and finally attacked a small fellow, tearing out one of the little fellow's cheeks and destroying an eye. After a chase of two miles the dog was killed."

**He Wanted to Know.** "Miss Maud," he said, "I have come in this evening to ask you a question, and I have brought a ring with me. Now, before you try it on, I want to tell you that if you feel inclined to be a sister to me I will have to take it back, as my father objects to my sister's wearing such large diamonds."

And Maud said she would keep the ring. —*Journalist Weekly.*

At Chattanooga the European hotel was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$50,000; insurance, \$5,000.

## WHITECHAPEL'S HORRORS.

ARREST OF A MAN WHO IS THOUGHT TO KNOW THE MURDERER.

The hopes of the police catching the Whitechapel murderer, which had almost entirely died out, says a London correspondent of the Washington Post, were raised to the acme of buoyancy to-day in consequence of the testimony at the Kelly inquest of George Hutchinson, a groom, who had known the victim for some years, and who saw her with a male companion shortly after two o'clock on the morning of the murder.

Hutchinson testified that he saw a well-dressed man with a Jewish cast of countenance accost the woman on the street, at the hour mentioned, on Friday morning, and the circumstance of his (Hutchinson's) acquaintance with her induced him to follow the pair as they walked together. He looked straight into the man's face as he turned to accompany the woman, and followed them to Miller Court out of mere curiosity.

He had no thought of the previous murders, and certainly no suspicion that the man contemplated violence, since his conspicuous manifestation of affection for his companion as they walked along formed a large part of the incentive to keep them in sight.

After the couple entered the house, Hutchinson heard sounds of meriment in the girl's room, and remained at the entrance to the court for fully three-quarters of an hour. About 3 o'clock the sounds ceased and he walked into the court, but finding that the light in the room had been extinguished he went home. During the hour occupied in standing at the entrance to or promanading the court he did not see a policeman.

There is every reason to believe Hutchinson's statement and the police place great reliance upon his description of the man, believing that it will enable them to run him down.

The witness who testified yesterday to having seen the woman enter the house with a man with a blotched face was evidently mistaken as to the night, as the description of her companion is totally unlike that of Hutchinson in every particular. The bulk of the evidence taken as to the time of the murder is that it occurred between 3-40 and 4 o'clock.

It transpired to-day that in addition to the facial mutilation of the murdered woman, the uterus were wholly and skillfully removed and laid in a corner of the bed.

The police are confident that they are on the track of the murderer. Two of the witnesses have described the appearance of the man seen going into the house with the Kelly woman shortly before the killing, the descriptions being almost identical.

**A FEARFUL DUEL.** AN ALABAMA PHYSICIAN AND A LAWYER FIGHT WITH BOWIE-KNIVES IN A DARK ROOM.

NEW YORK, November 14.—The Sun this morning publishes a special from Birmingham, Ala., giving details of a terrible duel fought at Mount Evalia, Ala., last Saturday. W. W. Shortridge, a lawyer, and Robert Nabors, a physician of that place, had a dispute concerning some collections which the lawyer had made for the physician. They finally agreed to settle the matter by fighting with bowie-knives in a darkened room. The men entered the room and fought desperately for ten minutes. The door was then broken in by friends who heard the noise of the duellists. Shortridge was found lying on the floor cut and slashed in a terrible manner; he could not speak and died in a few minutes. Dr. Nabors when the door was broken open rushed out into the street. He was also out in a frightful manner, and bleeding from a dozen wounds seemed to have been made crazy by pain. He then ran down the street with his knife in his hand, and attempted to cut a negro whom he met. The negro knocked him down with his fist, and in falling Nabors' skull was fractured and he never regained consciousness. Drs. Sadler and Davis worked with him until midnight, when he died.

**Subtle.** "Don't call me Mr. Lovell, Miss Macdon. Call me Cornelius." "I'd call you Corn if I—!" "If I what, Ethel?" "If I thought you'd pop."

And he popped.—*Puck.*

**Is Consumption Incurable?** Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumption. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made." Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Trouble. Was given up by the doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottle free at B. Schmidt's Drug Store.

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